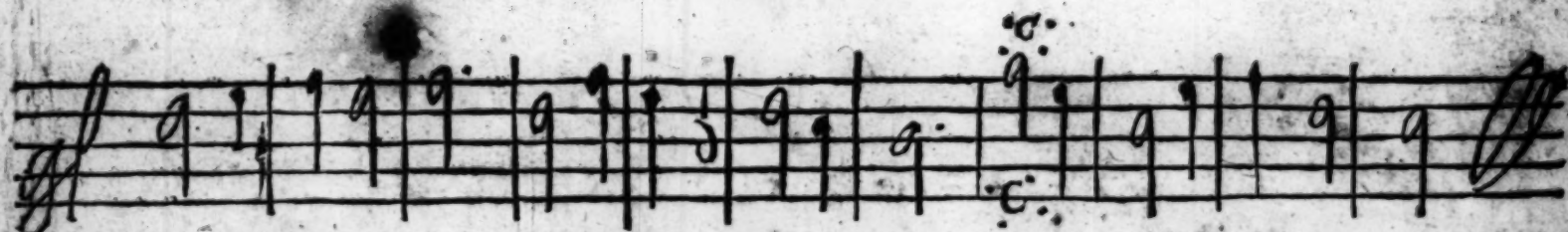


Not in Wins
L 25

The Whiggs Lamentation,

For the Tap of Sedition.

The Tap 'tis stolen, the Liquor fled
Be joyful then the Devil's dead.



Lament you Whiggs, you Presbyter Priggs, Your Godfather *Tony* is dead: Let *Tims*



now, for *Holland* go, 'tis time that he was fled.
Let *Waller*, *France*, and *Pilkinton* dance
With all the Shreeval Knot,
For the Devil hath stolen the Tapp away
And the Cask it is quite run out.

Let Quaking *Jack*, make up his pack
And to *Pensylvania* hye,
And the Sister hood, with all the brood
Who Rail 'gainst Monarchy:
For the Politick pate, once Member of state
Is vanquished without doubt,
Old Nick he hath stolen the Tap away
And the Cask it is quite run out.

Association once in fashion
May be again preferred
No *Ignoramus*, more shall sham us
Tony is now interred:
His rotten Cask is laid in clay
Sedition under ground
For the Devil hath hid the Tap away
Where 'twill no more be found.

Sallamank Doctor, hast to the Proctor
Thou art left his Heir

Search thou his Will, find some new Bill
That you afresh may swear,
Find some new trick, to save thy neck
For all your Plots are found
The Devil hath stolen the Tap away
And buried the Cask in the ground.

Think of your Lies, false Perjuries,
Swore 'gainst Prince and Peers,
Your damn'd deceipts, and *Wapping* cheats
Set the Nation by the Ears
Oh now prepare, avoid a snare
Least thou art ketcht in the Pound
For the Devil hath stolen the Tap away
And layd the Cask under ground.

Repent Whigs all, you down must fall
And Loyal boyes must rise,
May all that plots, be hang'd in knots
Who do their King despise
A health to the King, brave *Albany*
And his Consort in the bed
Then let us rejoyce and merrily sing
Hey boyes the Devil's dead.

FINIS

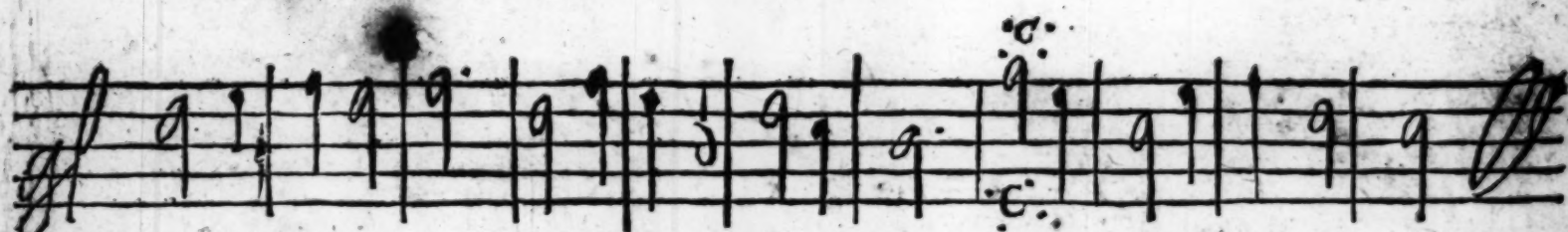
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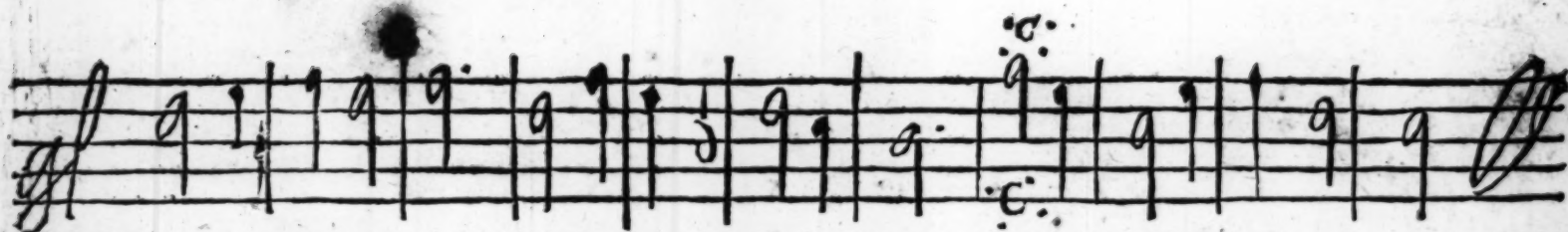
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